Roxbury, April 3, 1874.

My dear Fanny:

Your letter of the 13th and 14th ult. came to hand to-day, some three or four days behind time. We have been waiting for it with some eagerness, supposing it would tell us about what time you expected to leave Heidelberg for home; but you only mention that you are packing your things, preparatory to leaving. The next letter will doubtless be more definite. Perhaps before this reaches H., you will have left the place, and embarked on the "wide, wide sea."

We are glad to learn that Harold and Oswald are rapidly gaining flesh and strength; but as for our darling Helen, she seems to recruit very slowly; and being so weak and thin, I do not wonder that you feel some anxiety as to how a sea voyage may affect her. On the whole, unless it prove a very rough one, the probability is that she will be the gainer by it.

Constipation is almost always unescapable in crossing the ocean, and, unless promptly attended to, is sure to intensify whatever sickness is experienced. See that you are supplied with the right medicines by your homeopathic physician.

Tell Harold that grandpa and grandma will kiss him as fondly at least as when he was here — but that is a period of which he has, I presume, no recollection. Never mind. All the darlings shall have the warmest welcome, and if they fail to understand our language, they will quickly perceive that "actions speak louder than words." That they will have their wayward turns, like other children, we expect, and shall appreciate them none the less. I mean to be very impartial, but if I shall lean a little more toward Helen, her sex must be my apology! The very delicacy of her nature and the nervous susceptibility of her constitution draw her very closely to my heart. Treat her, always, with great tenderness.

Your mother is daily troubled with her old neuralgic pains in the right breast, side, and shoulder. They come on about dinner-time, and last with more or less severity until she retires for the night. Fortunate indeed is it that, when once abed, she goes immediately to sleep, and thinks no more of her pains till the next noon. No doubt the cause of these pains is the enlarged and torpid condition of the liver.

Don't set me down as a special admirer of Gov. Butler; but let him have a fair judgment, and when he bears a true testimony or does a commendable act, let him have the proper credit. I trust he will neither be Governor of Massachusetts nor Senator in Congress.

Your mother having given you all the home items, I need not repeat them. A father's love to you and Harry, and a benediction for the dear children. Hasten to receive the warmest embraces!

W. L. G.